

# THE LIGUORIAN



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# THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XII.

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 12

## The Mysteries of Bethlehem

O silent was the midnight hour,  
And still the cave by Bethlehem town;  
Silent the sheep-trail leading up—  
    When God from Heaven came down.  
Aye, silent, as the sun's still power  
That tints the summer's leaf and flower.

O poor the cave for cattle meant,  
The strawy bed where He was laid;  
The cradle bands that swathed His hands  
    When God a child was made.  
Poor as the poorest His cradle is  
Though all earth's palaces are His.

O lonely was the stall that night,  
Lonely the paths and winter hills,  
And every door was tightly latched  
    When God His tryst fulfils.  
Alone He lies—by men forgot  
Though angel hosts throng round His cot.

O feeble were those tiny limbs,  
The straws could prick His tender frame,  
The winds could make Him tremble so—  
    When God a child became.  
Aye, feeble, though all seas and lands  
Heard and obeyed His lisped commands.

O mysteries of Bethlehem  
Forever veiled from earth-bound sight,  
While Faith alone adoring sees  
    God made a child this night.  
Hidden was He 'neath helpless guise  
That we to God-like heights might rise.

*T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### BILLY CORRIGAN AT THE CRIB

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss.R.

"Put a little more straw in the manger, and move that grey sheep further up the hill," called Father Timothy Casey from a pew in the rear of the church, whither he had gone to view at a distance the result of his efforts in arranging a devotional Christmas crib.

Little Billy Corrigan, who had persistently tagged after the priest during the entire operation, proud of his commission, carried out the orders given.

"Brace up St. Joseph. He's lopsided. No, the other way. Good! Now," and he surveyed the whole with an appraising eye, "I believe that is satisfactory. Come down here with me, Billy, and see what you think of it."

"After all," thought the priest, "the Christmas crib is the delight principally of the children. Billy ought to be able to tell me what arrangement pleases a child."

But, he had reckoned without regard for the poet in every child mind; for the lad had no sooner trotted in and knelt beside the pastor, with his two little hands cupped on the pew back and his chin nestled snugly between them, than the statues of baked clay and their artificial setting vanished and he was back in Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. He looked long and lovingly, the changing lights on his expressive face telling how sweet, holy thoughts came and went.

"The sheep know He's God, don't they. Father?"

"Sheep have no minds, Billy. They do not even know there is a God."

"But, if God could make Himself a little baby, He could make the sheep know He is God."

The priest concluded that all his learned books could not withstand the simple philosophy and living faith of the child. How often he had watched the great wondering eyes of the children, during their short but frequent visits to the crib, and had longed to divine what thoughts and affections were formed in these innocent souls, with the infused faith of Baptism still so fresh within them. So like God's angels were these unspoiled little ones, that he often wondered whether angel



whispers did not sometimes reach their ears. And how jealously they guarded their most intimate thoughts from the critical knowledge of the grown-ups. Questioning elicited only stereotyped answers. But now little Billy seemed about to lay his child soul bare. The priest attended immovable and almost breathless, lest by some ill-chosen answer he might break the spell.

"See that sheep next to the manger?" the boy prattled on. "That sheep knows He's God. That's why it just stands there and looks at him and don't eat no straw. I think sheep are nice, don't you, Father? That dog, the shepherd's got, is a shepherd dog. He follows the sheep 'way up in the mountain and chases away the wolves when they want to eat up the little lambs. Gee, I'd like to have a dog that saw God! That's a little bit of a lamb that other shepherd is carrying on his shoulder. Jesus is looking at him. Jesus is glad he is kind to the little lamb, He liked little lambs."

"Yes," replied Father Casey, "He used to call Himself the Lamb of God that was killed to take away the sins of the world."

"But the lamb has a nice warm woolly coat, and Jesus is cold. I guess the Blessed Mother gave Him all the cover she could find. We have a little baby at our house, and he shivers even when the steam is up and the room is warm. But, there wasn't any steam in that old stable, was there? The rocks fell down and left that big hole in the wall, and the wind blew in and made poor little Jesus shiver. And nobody wouldn't let the Blessed Mother bring Him in out of the cold. They said they had no room, didn't they? I bet they could come in, if they came to our house. Mamma would make me a bed on the floor, and they could have my room."

"You will make a warm place for Him in your heart when He comes to you in Holy Communion at the Midnight Mass, and love Him as much as you can. That will please Him more than if you received Him into your house. He came down from heaven because He loves you and wants you to love Him," said the priest.

Billy looked up quickly.

"Did He know—even while He was there in the stable with the sheep and everything—did Jesus know there was going to be a little boy like me?"

"He knew it perfectly well," replied the priest. "Now, of course, I couldn't think distinctly of so many people at once, because I have

just a poor little human mind. But you know, Jesus is God—even while He is a tiny shivering baby, He is God—and God can do everything. And so He was thinking of you just as much as if you were the only person in the world. He was not only thinking of you, He was loving you, loving you with the great love of His Sacred Heart. He saw everything that you would ever say or do or think. If He saw that you would love Him, it made Him happy; if He saw that you would offend Him by sin, it made Him suffer."

"Then He sees that I was stubborn when dad scolded me, and that I told a lie, and that I took a dime out of mamma's purse, that I *stole*. I guess He doesn't like me. He likes that sheep better than He likes me, 'cause that sheep never done any sin."

"No, Billy; He likes you better than all the sheep and all the gold and everything else in the world, because you have a soul. He came down from heaven and died a painful death on the cross to save that soul of yours. Even if you did commit sins, if you are sorry—"

"Oh, I *am* sorry!" Billy hastily drew a dirty sleeve across his eyes.

Father Casey, watching from the corner of his eye, saw that the sleeve was wet with tears, and he asked himself whether anything he had ever given to God in all his priestly life was so precious in His sight as the loving penitent tears of this little child.

"He knows I'm sorry, don't He?"

"Yes, Billy," was all the priest dared say.

"St. Joseph doesn't know what to do does he? He tried His best to get a nice warm place for Jesus and the Blessed Mother, but they all said they didn't have any room. I guess St. Joseph has big bumps on his hands like Mister Brennan from sawing boards and hammering nails. St. Joseph isn't His honest-to-goodness father, is he?"

"No, St. Joseph is the foster father of Jesus."

"What's a foster father?"

"A foster father is one who takes the place of a real father. God, the Father, up in heaven is the real Father of Jesus. St. Joseph took His place here in this world and worked to provide food and clothing and shelter for Jesus and His Mother."

"I guess," continued the lad, "the Blessed Mother will let St. Joseph hold Him sometimes. Mamma lets me hold our baby. He's an awful nice baby. Wouldn't it be great to hold God! Who was

that saint you told us about that played with Jesus when he was a little boy?"

"That was St. Gerard. He was hardly more than a baby himself at the time. He came into the church one day and went up before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, where his mother used to bring him. And the Infant Jesus in her arms seemed to come to life. He climbed down and played with St. Gerard on the floor of the church for a while. Then He went back into His Mother's arms."

"I guess he just had to be a saint after that," said Billy. "He couldn't ever forget that Jesus came and played with him."

"We shouldn't ever forget that Jesus was born in a cold stable for us and died on a bitter cross for us and comes into our heart and stays with us and blesses us every time we receive Holy Communion."

"I won't forget. If He wants anything I got, He sure can have it."

"He wants your heart."

"How can I give it to Him?"

"By loving Him," said the priest.

There are many beautiful meditations for Christmas Eve, printed in books. Father Casey did not use any of them that night; instead, he tried to contemplate the stupendous mystery of God made Man with the simple faith and tender love of a Christian child.

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"I feel that in possessing the Faith, I possess treasures compared with which all the treasures of the world are but dross; instead of having these treasures in my coffers, I would share them with others; especially as I am none the poorer in making others rich. But though we do not agree in matters of faith, there is one platform on which we all stand united; it is the platform of charity, of humanity, of benevolence. We know that the Good Samaritan rendered assistance to his strange brother, who was of a different religion, a strange nationality and with a wide difference in social life. That is the model we all should follow. Let no man say 'Am I my brother's keeper?' That was the language of Cain. I say to you here today, no matter what may be your faith, that you are and ought to be your brother's keeper."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

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Good fortune at best is transient; the love of God only can endure.

## The Blessings of Liberty

### PARENTAL RIGHTS IN EDUCATION

B. A. CONNELLY, C. Ss. R.

These are days of reform. At least, we are urged to think so by the "reformers." Religion, politics, industry, and education, are hopelessly out of joint with men and the times. So, if the world is to be saved, religion, politics, industry, and education must be recast by the hands of the reformers, and made again to serve the high purpose of peace, prosperity, and progress.

And this recasting of the old things that have stabilized mankind through the ages, this making over of the great social and civilizing factors of all times is no mere promise for the future; it is a present reality. In the educational sphere it is a present menace. It is a menace in this that the zeal of the reformer, too often, rides rough-shod over rights that nature has guaranteed, and that no true reform can ignore.

Are there, then, any rights guaranteed by nature in this matter of education? If so, to whom have these rights been guaranteed? Every citizen whose ballot makes him the judge of his government's acts, has a duty to know the answer to these questions, and to use his ballot according to this knowledge.

The observant man can have no doubt about nature's primary intention for the education of children. Let him only recognize, on the one hand, the child's essential need of education; and, on the other hand, the parent's essential duty to educate the child, and on this basis, that nature herself provides he confidently asserts, that education is a parental function with which no earthly power can tamper.

#### THE CHILD'S ESSENTIAL NEED

In the several life kingdoms below human kind, the attainment of independent livelihood is more or less rapid. In the vegetable kingdom the seed is already separated from the parent life, and its further existence and development left to human or divine providence. The animal kingdom is characterized by a highly developed maternal instinct. But the duration of the maternal office is restricted to the helpless age of the offspring, and lapses after a few days, or a few months, and but very rarely extends up to and beyond a year.

The economy of human kind is widely different. No new born life is quite so helpless as human life. No other infancy has near the permanence that human infancy has. Helplessness is not a matter of days. The delicate new-born life clings to the maternal breast for many months. Nor is it a mere matter of months. Greater or less helplessness, enough to forbid independent existence, makes parental care and support imperative for years. Fifteen or eighteen years, on the average, mark the permanence of this age of physical dependence.

Why this difference between man and inferior kinds of life? The difference lies just in this that man is preparing for a higher destiny than is the brute. Animal life reaches its highest expression in the instinctive use of the several senses for the total perfection of the controlling life principle. Human life reaches its highest perfection in the reasoned use of all the senses and soul faculties for the total perfection of the human life principle—the soul. The animal goes blindly to its perfection and needs only the briefest association with its progenitors to be started in the right direction, and with its instincts thus, as it were, put into a groove, it goes on without further need of control to its natural perfection. Man, however, is equipped to work out his perfection, not blindly, but with clear vision. He can know his destiny and can adapt his methods and means to the securing of his destiny. This is part of his vital equipment, or rather it is the vital part of his equipment as a human being. Intelligent action and moral responsibility are his heritage. They are nature's gifts and she is jealous of their use.

She is jealous of their use, but she does not herself instruct man how to use them. That office she delegates to those whose ward she has made the child—the parents. The evidence for this delegation is positive and unquestionable. Nature, herself, delays the child-bearing function until the parents are presumably qualified to teach the child. Nature, herself, gives sufficient permanence to the union of child and parents to guarantee this needed instruction. Permanence is secured by a protracted infancy. Permanence is attained by the strongly rooted and enduring instinct of affection between father and child, and between mother and child. Permanence is further assured by the ever increasing family.

Having established this educational society of her own forming,

nature sits anxiously by through all those years of immaturity and prepares reward or retribution for the faithful or negligent parents.

#### THE PARENTS' ESSENTIAL DUTY

Nature has made the child physically helpless to secure its moral and mental development. In equal degree, she has made parenthood an educational institution as well as a material providence.

Education is the parental function "par excellence." It is at once a natural duty and an inalienable right. No one seriously questions that education is a parent's duty. We have the fullest practical sanction for this statement in the odium of blames which the negligent parent receives from all men. This odium of blame is so spontaneous and constant a reward of parental neglect of education, that it cannot be the result of chance or conspiracy, but must be nature's own voice protesting against the defeat of the primary office of parenthood. It must be nature's own judgment on parents who neglect this evident duty.

But, if parents are burdened by nature with the duty to educate, they are endowed from the same provident source with a right to perform that duty, and in equal degree with the right to choose the means whereby they shall work out that duty.

The consequences of the educational office of parenthood are clear and cannot be challenged. If sufficient educational facilities exist within the home, no law can force the parents to send their children to schools. If the use of a school is necessary for the proper education of the child, the parent, in the final appeal, is judge as to what school the child shall attend. The parent is judge, in the same instance, of books and methods; so that, under the alternative of removing the child when the school is disapproved, the parent has a controlling voice over the texts to be used and the method to be followed.

This summary of rights comes to the parent with the duty to educate. And these rights the parent can invoke against all comers.

Especially pertinent to this topic, today, is the invasion of the parental right by the sponsors of state education. No one can reasonably quarrel with the good office of the state in putting at the disposal of her citizens educational facilities, as long as no prejudice is thereby done to private rights. But there is every reason to quarrel with the principle now preached, that the state can set up a school of her own, map out a curriculum of her own, impose a text of her own choosing

and then go out with the police club and force fathers and mothers to surrender their sacred office of educators of their children into the hands of political hirelings.

It is a far cry from the benevolent office of state aid for education to absolute state compulsion in education. State aid for education is the American school system. Absolute state compulsion in education is a so-called Prussianism, a revolt against nature, and a system that will work havoc to our American school system and demoralize our civilization.

Prussianism has our unqualified disapproval. That disapproval is written large on the pages of history; is written there in the crimson blood of our noblest youth. Our disapproval of Prussianizing reform must also be written there, if we are to maintain our place among the nations. But before it is finally engraved in the book of time, it must be written often, often and large on the ballot; it must be written unmistakably, persistently, perseveringly, until "reformers" know what we mean: that our American schools shall remain American, and that our parents shall be left, as nature intended, free to choose, to plan, and to work out the education of their children as their conscience dictates and their means allow.

This is every citizen's duty as nature points it out. But from a Catholic citizen's viewpoint, there is more to say. With him, the transmission of a priceless Christian heritage is an added duty, a more sacred duty. If the Catholic citizen, then, is to maintain his ability to pass on this precious heritage, he, above all others, must defend the parental right over education as long as he has power to mark the decisive cross (X), on a ballot. Where others lose once by unnatural reforms he and his children lose a thousand times. Let him know his duty as a citizen and faithfully perform it.

---

It takes two people to make a quarrel; but, why be one of them?

---

A word is dead  
When it is said,  
Some say.  
I say it just  
Begins to live  
That day.



## The Miracle

### A REAL CHRISTMAS

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. Ss. R.

"Ha ha, Jack, it's simply a matter of a doctor's skill. That's all. You got desperate, you didn't care about the money anymore, and you got a decent doctor. He brought her through. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

Two men were talking in the office; one, Tom Carnehan, the son of a wealthy business man succeeding to his father's place and already rated as well on the way to his first million; the other, Jack Kearns, manager of a business firm, a position to which he had crept by dint of persevering regularity, work and intelligent observation. The one was quick to jump at conclusions; wealth and social position had come to him so easily that he formed a very high idea of his own ability to accomplish anything he wished. With that he had completely turned his attention upon business. The other, slower in forming his judgments, but more open-minded, because he had seen success come out of failures, and with a better grasp of life. But work had so occupied his mind, the desire to bring everything possible to his wife and children had so engrossed his attention, that he had no time for religion and began to have the feel of unlimited capacity and self-sufficiency. So he, too, had slipped away from his faith.

But he had come back, and he was just now telling his friend how it had come about. He had told him of the cure of his child through prayer.

It was this that made the other man laugh pityingly at his companion and declare: "You got a decent doctor; he brought her through. It's as clear as the nose on your face."

"Just hear me out," said Jack in reply. "It isn't as simple as you suppose. We'll grant that it was the decent doctor that saved little Mary, though, even at that, it is a strange coincidence that the doctor didn't hit on the right thing until we prayed. But look here, Tom, it wasn't any doctor that made me since that time change the whole course of my life and ideas; made me live up to my faith that seemed so negligible before, and find such comfort and strength in it, that whereas before I could see only work and advancement and a pleasant



home, now my horizon is broadened: the home becomes the nursery of heaven, advancement the means of doing things for souls and God's service, and work a means of personal holiness and eternal value."

Tom stared at his friend in amazement.

"And what is more," went on Jack earnestly, "it wasn't a doctor that made me stand just the other day, one year after the cure of our little girl, and see her despite our prayers, languish and die, and yet, feel a deep comfort and contentment at the thought that she was going to God and would be nearer and more helpful to us than she was in life; that I could kneel beside her dear, dead form and thank God with a full heart that He had taken her to Himself. That's the miracle that, I say, God's faith alone could work. There's no accounting for it otherwise."

"But, don't you see," replied Tom, "it's scientifically impossible that there should be miracles? You see something you can't explain, and you say God must have done it; it's only a guess."

"You don't seem to make any difference between guessing and reasoning. But, at that, guesses, if you will call them that, are right sometimes. More than once you've guessed at truth in your business deals, haven't you?"

"Yes, but you can verify it afterwards, and your guess becomes knowledge."

"We can verify this, too," answered Jack. "I can't put my hand on God, or lay my eyes upon Him; but, I see so much of His work that I know He is there, and what sort of Being He must be. I see beauty, and I know that He who made it to be, must be more beautiful; I see vastness in sea and sky and I know that He who caused it to exist, must be limitless in might and perfection."

"Then He must be more evil than all evil in the world," said Tom almost bitterly.

"How is that?" asked Jack puzzled, as if he could not get the drift of the other's remark.

"Why don't you see cripples born so; the lightning strike the poor laborer's home; the child fall into the scalding water; the idiot born? Is their maker more evil than all these?"

"Their Maker? What do you mean?" asked Jack, still puzzled.

"Why, if God made the sun and the sky, He must have made these, don't you see?" put back Tom.

"No, I don't, I confess. God made the universe in as far as He created matter and forces and gave them their inexorable laws to work out according to His plan. Man can interfere; can put himself in the way of these by sin or ignorance; and make them work havoc. Must God always prevent this? I cannot see His purposes at times; but, I don't see that He must so long as He can draw greater good from every seeming evil."

"What good, for instance, from the sufferings of that old widow lady, Mrs. Schwab, who scrubs our office, and now is at home, sick, in a cold room, freezing and starving?" asked Tom somewhat tauntingly.

"The good of a little charity in others, who knows?" replied Jack quickly. "But, I'll be going; I must get some toys for the youngsters; it's only two days to Christmas, Tom; Christmas, do you still remember?"

And with that he left.

Next evening, Christmas eve, Tom Carnehan sat in his office with two other young men, members of the firm. All the rest of the office force had already left. The books were closed and the three young men, discussing various topics, laughed at the "superstitious" sentiment of ordinary folks around Christmas time.

"Let's celebrate in our own way," said one of the young men. "There's a place I know where you can get anything you like, and there's a dance on for tonight. We'll have some fun with the simpletons, down at the Blue Ribbon; you remember the place where you saw that young cabaret dancer that fell so hard for you, Jack?"

"Ha ha," laughed Carnehan. "All right, let's go to the club for supper first, and then on to the Blue Ribbon for the evening."

It was about eight o'clock when they arrived. The music, done by a fairly good jazz band, loud, brazen, clanging, caught the newcomers at once, and somehow woke those passions in them that fitted them for their share in the evening. They mixed with the crowd where all was mixed. They were eyed at once by some girls and taken possession of. Dance followed dance, intercepted by moments of rest, when they sat at the table with their partners and drank indifferent whiskey.

It was going on toward midnight when Carnehan noticed that his companions were pretty far gone, and he himself needed steadyng. One must keep his head, he thought to himself. They were already

making fools of themselves. At last he succeeded in prevailing on them to leave the place. They were in none too good a humor. They were stupid.

"Letsh walk," said one. "I can't think well, and my tongue's thick, and my head dizzy. Perhaps the fresh night air will help."

"Letsh," answered the other. "Thish snow ish mighty slippery; but, it feels better than in there."

"All right," agreed Carnehan, who had wanted to call a taxi. "Then let's walk over to Madison Street, and get a cab there."

The street on which they were was brightly illuminated from the business houses that flanked the sides. But beyond the corner of the business street lay darkness, mellowed somewhat and softened by the radiance of the snow that whitened the ground. The three staggered on, Carnehan only a little better than his friends. The cold air made his head whirl. His feet grew unsteady at times, but he managed on.

Here the battered frame houses stood close up to the street. All was dark, save here and there where a light glimmered through drawn curtains, where, perhaps, some father and mother were getting ready the Christmas tree and the cheap toys for the children.

Carnehan steadied himself against the houses as he walked along. Of a sudden he stepped down off the sidewalk into a lowered doorway, lost his balance and crashed against the door. It yielded to the impact, and flew open, leaving him to sprawl into the middle of the room. Now thoroughly awake from the jar he had received, he rose to his feet and quickly took in his surroundings. On a plain, uncovered table, stood a lighted candle, shedding a soft light and throwing flickering shadows on the walls and floor. In the center of the wall a door opened into darkness. In the corner was a bed, and before it knelt an old lady; her emaciated and drawn face telling of want as plainly as the room told of poverty.

Frightened by Carnehan's sudden and unexpected falling into the room, she turned, without rising, to see what had happened. She gasped.

"Mr. Carnehan!" she exclaimed aloud.

"Hsh," commanded he, coming toward her. "Don't you say anything about this to anyone. Keep your mouth shut and I'll know how to reward you. But what are you doing here? Why aren't you in bed at this hour?"

"Ah, sir," she replied rising with difficulty, "how could I sleep this night? 'Tis Christmas, isn't it? And I am praying that the Sweet Child would make a merry Christmas for all the poor and a little joy for myself, too."

Carnehan looked at her for a while.

"Praying to God again; for a miracle, eh?" he said. "Just like Jack," he muttered to himself. "Well, he continued aloud, "before your God ruins your Christmas completely, I'll fix you up, if you promise to keep this mum."

"Sure, and I will," said the old lady. "What reason should I have for speaking of the faults of others to anyone?"

"Then just wait," he replied, and hurried toward the door. At the door he turned. "Get up," he shouted almost fiercely; for she had fallen to her knees again, evidently to thank God. "Get up," he repeated; for he seemed to resent her praying, and then disappeared in the darkness.

It was not long before he was back from the avenue, loaded down with sundry packages and a small Christmas tree. He deposited his load on the table and began unpacking. The old lady came over and with beaming face exclaimed now and again at the contents of the packages.

"Here," he said, handing her a box of ornaments, "you trim the tree." She started at once, no need to repeat the command; for she was supremely happy. Every now and again she would murmur: "Sweet Child Jesus, you have not forgotten me; it's all and more than I prayed for."

Carnehan stopped in his unpacking.

"I brought you this, do you understand," he fairly hissed.

"Ah, yes, I know, and it's most grateful that I am. But I was praying to the Blessed Mother at the very time. She must have put the good thought into your mind."

It struck Carnehan. It was strange. He could not help admitting it. If all nature is determined by inexorable law, he was observing another law at work, that things happen in a wonderful way when people pray. He could not stand that admission just now, and taking up his hat, started to leave.

"I'll be going," he said. "And a merry Christmas to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Carnehan," said the old lady fervently; and then,

acting on a sudden impulse suggested by her faithful heart, she wet her finger at the holy water bottle and going up to Jack, made the sign of the cross on his forehead as her own mother had done in her childhood, and said as if in prayer:

"May the Holy Child bless you this night."

Carnehan's hand went up instinctively to wipe away the holy water; but evidently, he changed his mind; he let the sacred moisture remain.

"Thank you," he said huskily and hurried out.

His companions were evidently looking for him. Apparently they had not missed him at first and had staggered on down the street. Now they were coming back in search of him. They met him a few steps from the old widow's door. It was clear, they were in no gentle mood.

"Trying to ditch us, eh?" said the one menacingly.

"No, I was not," answered Carnehan.

"You were," shouted the other. "What were you doing in there otherwise? Phoning to the police?"

"Say, fellows," said Carnehan, trying to pacify them, "what's getting into you? I'm with you, that's all. And now let's go home."

"I shay," said the other, "let's go in and see where you were?"

"No you won't," Carnehan countered determinedly. "Let's get home."

"You mind your business, you rotter. We'll take care of ourselves."

"Come on," said Tom, advancing to take them by the arm and lead them away. He was afraid they might harm the old lady.

"Let go," cried one of the young men.

"Shut up," replied Jack. The man turned and struck Carnehan a blow that sent him reeling, and he fell heavily in the snow. The man advanced upon him, maddened by drink, and it is hard to say what he would have done. But just then an automobile glided up to the curb. A turbaned head shot out from the door and a voice cried:

"Stop that, you brute."

The drunken man halted. Before him stood a young lady who had just leaped from the car. The drunken man took one look at her.

"Shay, Ed," he said, turning to his companion, "let's get out of this; that ish Miss O'Meara," he finished, whispering in his companion's ear.

"Sho 'tish," answered the other, looking insolently at her. "Let'sh go wid her, I shay."

"No, you fool," answered the other, "don't you know that'sh Carnehan's girl? Come on." And the two started off again, arm in arm, on a more or less zig-zag course.

The young lady was fairly frightened at the sight of the man lying in the snow as if dead. She hurried to Mrs. Schwab's door. In answer to her gentle rapping, the old lady opened it.

"I was just coming to get you for midnight mass, Mrs. Schwab," said the girl. "But come out and help me, if you can; do you think you could help me to lift someone? A man's been knocked down right near by."

The two hurried over to Mr. Carnehan. He was just rising. Evidently he had only been dazed.

"Good God!" cried the widow at sight of him. "It's the man who has been so kind to me just a minute ago. Come," she said, taking him by the arm and leading him on, "come into the warm room. My God, what has happened?"

The young lady looked on in surprise. She had recognized Jack Carnehan, who wished to marry her, but whom, despite her love for him, she could not think of marrying because of his irreligious character. "Help her," she thought, "Tom Carnehan helping Mrs. Schwab on Christmas eve? Had he changed so?"

When they were in the room and Carnehan seated and it was sure that he was not hurt, Mrs. Schwab proceeded to show Miss O'Meara all the things that Carnehan had brought her.

The young lady went up to Jack and took his hand caressingly. Jack hung his head. Evidently he was thinking; the prayer, the blessing, his narrow escape; it all seemed so closely bound up.

"Well," said the young lady at length, looking at her watch, "let us get started for midnight mass, Mrs. Schwab; it is growing late. Are you ready?"

"May I go with you?" asked Tom. "I'd like to, very much."

"May you, Jack? That's just what I've been praying for for months. This is a real Christmas, sure."

"Yes," said Carnehan, rising to accompany the ladies. "It is a miracle."

## The Paths of Light

### "WHY JEWS BECOME CATHOLICS"

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

Rosalie Marie Levy, the story of whose conversion we have told in a recent issue of the LIGUORIAN, has just published a little volume in which she gives the authentic account of forty-five converts from Judaism. Her book is entitled, "Why Jews become Catholics."

It is more than an interesting book, it is in many ways a remarkable record. It is an evidence that more men than we imagine are in earnest about religion and the things of higher value in life; it shows that the Church appeals to all classes, men and women, teachers and business men, rich and poor, highly educated and average folk. It shows, too, that converts often go the full lengths, so to speak, reaching priesthood and the religious life. But above all it shows the wonderful ways of Divine Providence that opens a path for the light of truth in most unexpected ways.

A business man, for instance, concludes his account thus: "It seems strange to me that I should have been attracted to the Church by the play of a crowd of noisy youngsters at Coney Island. But nothing is strange to God. I can only thank the Almighty for His goodness."

Another, an officer in a fraternal insurance society, whose ritual was built on the book of "Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ," felt herself obliged to read this book. She could say: "During this time I became convinced that the "Christ" Ben Hur followed must be the Redeemer that had been promised to the Jews." It was the first ray of light for her.

Others have come over through the silent influence of the nuns in school or hospital. Some came slowly. Thus one writes: "My conversion has always seemed to me to have developed so naturally and slowly that I was not, so to say, surprised to see a rose, where there was a bud."

With many good examples was a powerful incentive. Thus one who was employed as secretary to a Catholic writes: "He was a devout Catholic, practicing his religion without, as well as within, the church walls. We had many chats and arguments about religion. Purposely



I would take an opposite point of view to draw him out, but always he would convince me. Here was a living example outside of the convent that one could practice his religion and receive strength from it, even in a metropolis."

Some win their way by slow progress through many isms until they reach the one Church of Christ; like the celebrated lecturer, David M. Goldstein. Others are struck with the suddenness of the light that blinded Saul on the road to Damascus till he became Paul the Apostle.

Some are led through easy paths; others through the fires of persecution and suffering for their new found faith. One of the most touching of this kind, is the story of Minnie Cecelia Dembo of New York. She managed with great difficulty to keep her conversion secret from her family for some time. At last it became known. She was then driven from home and had to begin the struggle for existence. It was not easy. "For a time," runs the account, "Minnie's poor home was a room without a window, probably a kind of large closet, and for this and her meals she gave four dollars a week of her salary of seven dollars.... At length her hard life and anxiety as to her future told on a constitution naturally weak and signs of lung trouble made their appearance." Then she went through thirteen years of bitter struggle. She never gave up and her faith was her source of strength.

Prayer plays, as it is to be expected, a great part in all the conversions; sometimes the effects of the prayers of others are clearly manifest.

But one thing that cannot help striking the reader of these accounts is the influence, revealed in them, of the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. For instance, one writes: "Now I know that it was the real presence of Our Lord on the altar drawing me to Himself."

Another, a lad converted on the battle line in the recent war, even while still a Jew, presented himself for Communion. The chaplain paused and said that his faith did not allow him to receive Communion. "But," pleaded the boy, "I have been attending all your masses, Father, and I honestly believe the bread is the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Please give me Communion."

Almost all of them began their way to the Church by attending Holy Mass.

Everyone of these converts express their complete satisfaction, joy,



and thanksgiving for the grace of the true faith given them. And, what may be better evidence still, they would wish to see all their fellow Jews receive the same grace.

"Several times," writes one, "I have been asked whether I have ever regretted taking the step. In all sincerity I can answer, 'No, a thousand times, no!' Since my conversion I have never for one moment doubted, but have daily, with overflowing heart, said my 'Te Deum' for the infinite mercy of Jesus towards me, yea—

"I could not do without Him,  
Jesus is more to me  
Than all the richest, fairest gifts  
Of earth could ever be.  
And the more I find Him precious,  
And the more I find Him true,  
The more I long for you to find  
What He can be to you."

Another says: "I am very happy and contented and can say with all humility that I am a devoted Catholic. I feel sure that I can attribute my success in business, as well as numerous graces and blessings since my conversion to my devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Another concludes her story by saying: "It is my prayer that all who read this may be blessed with the gift of faith, so that they, too, may enter the true fold."

Still another writes: "My daily prayer is that God may give those near and dear to me, and all unbelievers, the gift of faith, so that they, too, may enjoy that 'peace and happiness which surpasseth all understanding,' which can only be found in the bosom of our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church."

"Never," declares still another, "never in the twelve years that I have been a Catholic have I had one doubt or regret for the step I took. As each day goes by I grow stronger in the Catholic Faith. I have only the deepest gratitude to God for the many graces and blessings He has given to me through His Church."

A good Catholic will surely find himself strengthened in his faith by reading these accounts. It may be, too, that when he lays the book aside he will, in his heart, ask himself, "Would my life, such as it is, serve as a light unto others?"

## The Student Abroad

### EN ROUTE FOR EUROPE

J. W. BRENNAN, C. Ss. R.

Annually, the ocean liners traversing the various lanes to Europe and Asia are filled with American tourists; money in pocket, trunks and suitcases galore, and a copy or two of Baedeker in hand. Baedeker is the tourist's gospel, his vade-mecum, almost his shadow, very often his jailer binding him hard and fast with relentless statistics, sometimes his aid. Baedeker is the name of the manual—and the child was named after the father—which gives condensed, but encyclopedic information on every point of interest, and some not of interest, that lie along the path to be followed by the traveler.

But the tourist is only one type of traveler; the student is quite another. The tourist "does" Europe; the student lives it, breathes it, dreams it, ponders it, appreciates it. The tourist worries over train schedules, endeavoring in a sort of short-sighted business way to get the most out of the time and money invested. The student uses schedules casually, worries about nothing, enjoys what he may, and when time and money have put an end to his meanderings, returns with a treasure of memories, a large fund of information, and the satisfying sense of time well spent. We traveled, we traveled as students, viewing life as witnessed in various climes with the common but sympathetic gaze of the student, finding enjoyment and often a thrill in the out of the way, common-place persons and places, where the tourist would find only a tantalizing nuisance.

Back of us, five days past, lay New York and Boston, gigantic monuments of progress and culture of the West. Before us, one brilliantly sunny morning, lay the Island of San Miguel of the Azores. Tourists sniffed at the announcement; there was nothing to be seen there. But the student took his position well up on the ship, to drink in every particle of the dreamy, colorful scenery that lay stretched before him. A jagged sky-line hung with a filmy mist like fine woven lace about the mountain tops, an occasional splotch of white marking the cluster of houses in some valley, an old stone breakwater curving out into the sea, scattered fishing boats with gayly colored sails, the dignified form of an old three-master with all the sails set, silhouetted

against the morning sun, a few steamers from other parts of the world; then, in a blaze of color heightened by the brilliant light of the dawn, the city of Porta del Garda, spread out along the shore and rising into the hills. Color, the intangible appearance of a phantasy, fascination!

Those fortunate enough—or enthusiastic enough—to make the lighter on time, went ashore. After a short trip through boats filled with fruits and odd articles for sale, and ships riding at their moorings, we landed at an old stone quay with moss-covered steps leading down to the water's edge, that made alighting more of a circus stunt than a comfort. One of the boat men standing at the top of the stairs, with smiling naivete, demanded a dollar per person for the trip and return. Tourist and student expostulated, the boat man smiled on. The student was the first to laugh; for was it not the way of life? *Carpe diem*, seize the opportunity, was consciously or unconsciously the motto of the native. So the student paid with fairly good grace, and left the tourist.

Closer observation showed that what had appeared from the ship to be blocks of pink and white and orange ice cream, were in reality the houses of the inhabitants. Most of the tints of autumn were represented in the colors used to ornament the houses, and yet the effect was not gaudy or harsh. Somehow, these unsophisticated people—they were not all boat men—had grasped the color secrets of nature and translated them into their daily lives. The streets twisted and turned whither they would, each a narrow lane flanked by the closely crowded houses.

It was early in the morning and save for the small crowd on the quay, few people were moving in the streets, and these were obviously coming from mass. But it was the hour for awakening, and before we had wandered into one of the little streets, that seemed to lead towards our objective, the gardens of a nobleman living in the rear of the city, donkey carts and hucksters, farmers with their produce for market, sleepy-eyed children, silent quiet men, and smiling women were out en masse. Incidentally we saw two automobiles, one of which was a Ford. In any circumstance foot passengers are left to their own resources, but fortunately even under those conditions, traffic is never congested except the traveler is in a hurry.

After a journey of half a mile or so, we came to the side street, bounded by a high stone wall. This marked the garden we were seek-

ing. Although signs posted over a gate forbade entrance, the caretaker very graciously took us through the place. It seemed as though the state setting for the most gorgeous opera had been transferred to this spot in the Azores. Imagination fails to depict the splendor of the palms and cedars, the shrubbery and flowers, the old gray ruins of a former dwelling, the reposeful dignity of the newer chateau excellently situated against a background of solid green, the rest of wealthful color as brought out by the morning sun. To make the picture complete, five of the women of the place, one carrying a large package on her head, smilingly consented to pose for a picture.

The steamer's siren was calling the passengers back as we turned from the garden and posted a few cards. Taking a street that seemed to go in a general direction of the ocean, we hurried through the little crowds that had gathered. Pleasant smiles and waves of the hand greeted us from the windows, shopkeepers, opening their stalls, gazed at us—not with the rude stare one might easily meet with in America, but with an indescribable expression of mingled curiosity and shrewdness and friendliness. A couple of women clad in the garb peculiar to the island, a long black cloak with a huge hood that almost completely hides the face, passed us on the way. We heard that this dress was adopted in fulfillment of a vow made in the time of an epidemic years ago. With genuine regret we pulled out from the shore, and bade farewell to beautiful San Miguel, Catholic San Miguel of the Azores, rare gem of the mid-Atlantic.

The following Sunday morning after mass, which was celebrated in the deck chapel, and was attended by a congregation representing a large number of nationalities, the head-lands of Portugal were sighted. Lunch was served early; but only the tourists attended. The student again was on deck viewing the magnificent scene.

It seemed like a repetition of the Azores, only on a grander, larger scale. Rugged mountains reached far into the background, their slopes dotted with clusters of white dwellings, with their ever present churches. Gradually, the chief buildings of Lisbon came into view, and we glided slowly to an anchorage, immediately in front of the city.

Here, for the first time, we saw the strange blending of the old with the new, of customs and things that are relics of ages past with the objects modern progress has produced. It seemed like the overlapping of two distinct periods in history. In the harbor, for instance,

gray-colored warships and ocean liners rode at anchor with modern yachts, and these in turn with the fishing boats carrying the peculiar, gayly-dyed sails of long ago. On the shore beautiful modern buildings flanked wharves partly of concrete, partly of old moss-covered stone. Over all, flaming sunshine, throughout all dazzling colors.

A very modern automobile hurried us through traffic, consisting of two-wheeled donkey carts, carriages of the type once fashionable in Fifth Avenue years ago, pedestrians walking in any direction, street cars of the Toonerville type, and other automobiles of recent production, to the monastery of St. Jerome. American cathedrals are large and beautiful, but this comparatively unimportant gem of the old world could take its place with the best and command attention and admiration.

Tribute to the age-old faith of the people; witness to the conscious workmanship of an age that is gone. Gold, silver and marble, ebony and ivory, paintings in oil in profusion; lavish space and ornate decoration; from the magnificently chiselled facade, to the gloom-en-shrouded main altar within, towering majestically into the dusk overhead; all bespoke the undying influence of One who had died, and of thousands who had appreciated that death. The eloquence of Chrysostom in silent metal and stone.

And the courtesy. One of the canons happened to meet us as we entered the sacristy; in fluent French and with enthusiastic gesture, he indicated the chief points of interest. Our time was too short to permit us to see the vestments, one set of which dates back to 1486, the days when Vasco de Gama and other explorers braved the Atlantic in ships little bigger than good-sized pleasure cruisers, and not half so sea-worthy; and brought back the results of their labors to grace the temple of their God.

Then out from the mystic past to the vibrant present. Attached to the church is a building now used as an orphan asylum. Crowds of young boys, all clad in simple grey uniforms, all neat, smiling, and full of life, clustered around us as we studied the exquisite carvings of the cloister. The cameras interested them, and though they strained their necks to see the mechanism, their innate courtesy was not forgotten. And begging for a coin was very rare.

Later, when we had driven to a point overlooking the city and harbor, we were besieged by a crowd of youngsters clamoring for

"pennies." On this occasion, when I showed one group that all I had was a big silver coin, one diplomatic youngster wanted to take it "por todas" for all. They are not poor, just spoiled by American tourists.

Following the stream of Sunday loiterers, we came to the museum containing the royal carriages and driving equipment of olden times. In the main hall of the building, these coaches of carved wood and gold and plush, often with real masterly painting on the panels, are arranged in two long lines; each specimen a masterpiece of the carriage-maker's art; each containing in itself a story that is melodrama and tragedy combined.

As a climax we visited a church, in connection with which there is a room containing the caskets and remains of dead royalty. Four of these lavishly decorated caskets, perched on high catafalques, were open to the public. A small electric lamp placed directly over the glass cover, illuminated the grim contents. We climbed the rickety ladders, switched on the lights and gazed on faded uniforms and tarnished gold and mouldy features; and descended, solemnly thrilled; thoughtful. No need for sermons here. The dead monarchs are doing more good in their caskets, than they could ever hope to do alive.

The pomp, the power, the dust!

After another speedy going through winding streets, down the very wide and beautiful plaza we boarded and watched beautiful, historic Lisbon, bathed now in the afternoon glow, fade from sight. We were off for Gibraltar and Algiers.

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The Archangel St. Michael is charged with the care of consoling the suffering souls in purgatory. We read in the Office of his Feast that God confides to him all the souls that are saved, in order that he may conduct them into paradise: "To whom God had confided the souls of the saints that he may lead them into the paradise of exultation." And in the Mass of the dead, the Church prays to the holy Archangel: "Let the standard-bearer, St. Michael, bring them into the holy light."

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To do little deeds with a great desire of pleasing God, is to render them great.—St. Francis de Sales.

## The Shrimp Becomes a Whale

### CHAP. V. THE SHRIMP FINDS HONESTY THE ONLY POLICY

(Continued)

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

The little groups of loyal lovers of St. Matt's were soon seated at the table. At the head of the table sat Father Clane with the Shrimp on his right and Irene next to the latter. The Judge, whose venerable white hair were the only mark of age in the group of merry youngsters, sat on Father Clane's left. The meal proceeded smoothly enough with many a quip and jest and booming college song. However, to a shrewd eye it would have been apparent that the assembly for the most part were under a strain and that the gaiety was somewhat forced. Ever and anon a student would look at the Shrimp and turn his gaze away sadly.

However, there was no untoward incident, until a short time after a waiter had handed Father Clane a newspaper—a rap came at the door and Father Clane ushered in the redoubtable Clancy, Shrimp's old enemy. However, Clancy gripped the Shrimp's hand in congratulation for his athletic victory and breathing no word of the unpleasant incident of the afternoon, took a place at the table which had evidently been left vacant in expectation of his coming.

Shortly after Clancy's arrival Father Clane arose to speak. A hush of expectation greeted his rising. Without ado he began:

"My dear friends. We gathered this evening to celebrate the most notable athletic victory ever achieved by a representative of a Catholic college in America." After the loud cheers which greeted this statement had died down the priest continued: "All honor to Shrimp Slade who certainly deserves the love and admiration of ever student, past and present, of St. Matt's." (More cheers.) Pausing solemnly, the priest said: "I regret that something has occurred which threatened to take all the joy out of this gathering, and in a measure it has done so thus far. But, I had better acquaint the hero of the evening with the facts before we proceed. Some of us knew his life history before today and some did not until the unfortunate article in the afternoon papers. Dan, I regret to have to show you this; but, as everything has come out all right, you will pardon me."



Father Clane then laid before the astonished eyes of the Shrimp an afternoon paper. Across the front page in bold type appeared the caption: "Winner of Marathon a Convicted Criminal—Cannot Represent United States in Olympic Games." The newspaper then went on to tell the Shrimp's life history, and his early record of crime. Then, showing how an unpardoned felon has lost his citizenship, the paper pointed out that, though he had won the race, Daniel Slade was ineligible to represent the United States at Paris. Though it praised his sportsmanship and in two brief lines stated that it was understood that the Shrimp had endeavored to stage a comeback to respectability in St. Matt's, the yellow sheet roundly condemned the athletic authorities as well as the faculty of the college for allowing a crook of the lowest type to compete. The Shrimp's record—how he had obtained his name and his dealings with the underworld, were given in every detail. There was no word of extenuation, not a line of facts relating to Slade's career subsequent to his last conviction. The paper published the article with no apologies and quoted two former companions of the Shrimp in crime, then languishing in a city jail, as authority for the statements.

The Shrimp sat stunned. Every drop of blood seemed to leave his face and he was white as a sheet. Father Clane smiled pityingly and continued: "Now, friends, we all know the sterling merit of the winner of today's Marathon. He was a prince at St. Matt's, and so not one of us cares in the least what he was before he entered there. To us he has always been, and we feel always will be, a model Catholic whose example will inspire others to higher things. Each and every one here present has done his best to keep this thing from our friend until the wrong could be righted. I am happy to say that the arrival of Mr. Clancy of New York, one of that city's famous detectives, was the signal that all things have been accomplished according to our desires."

A wave of enthusiasm rocked the walls of the room. Staid old graduates stood up and cheered until they were hoarse. Men slapped the Shrimp joyously on the back and shook the priest's hand vigorously. They knew not what had been done nor how it had been accomplished. Father Clane had promised to vindicate the Shrimp. Now he had announced that he had succeeded. That was enough for them—enough to take the lid off spirits subdued by resentment at what they felt injustice to their idol and to make the evening a wonderful success.



When order had been restored somewhat to normal, Father Clane continued: "You have all read the article in the sensational newspaper. Here is one more fair." He held up a paper with headlines that all could see, even though more than a hundred were gathered at the table: "Shrimp Slade Vindicated. His Marathon Victory Crowned Step in His Battle to Make Good. His Story a Triumph for Fair Play. Can Represent His Country in Olympic Games. Governor of New York Extends Full Pardon and Automatically Restores Citizenship. Romance of How a Shrimp Became a Whale. Will Enter Partnership with Judge Who Sentenced Him to Go to College."

"Gentlemen," continued the priest when the buzz of surprised comment had subsided, "this is Boston's most respected newspaper. It contains only the life story of Dan Slade as we know him, particularly as I, to whom he is as a brother in the flesh, know him. (Cheers). I want to thank you men and boys—my boys and the boys of dear old Father Greeley—for your loyalty to him—your loyalty to your college and your loyalty to the principles you and I learned at dear old St. Matt's. I congratulate my dearest friend, Dan, or as we all know him, Shrimp Slade, on his great victory—winning today's Marathon; but, more than all I felicitate him on the knowledge this incident has brought to him that he can claim the loyal love and respect of all who know him and that means not only those present here; but, every graduate and student of St. Matt's who, as long as life shall last, will be proud to shake him by the hand and call him friend."

This was the signal for an outburst of a different kind. Tears were running down the cheeks of the Shrimp and strong men joined him in weeping, unashamed. Men are slow to make strong friendships; but, when once they are made, manly friendships are strong as death. Father Clane had played upon their heartstrings because they knew he had laid bare the feelings of his own noble heart.

"We are all Catholics here," said the Father with broken voice. "So I am going to ask an unusual thing for an affair of this kind. I feel—we all feel—that this great triumph of tonight, in all its phases, is due to the protection and blessing of the Mother of God to whom Shrimp Slade entrusted his cause in the very first month of his stay at St. Matt's. So let us all kneel down and say three 'Hail Marys' in gratitude to Her."

Without a word, simply, solemnly, the assemblage knelt and responded to the prayers Father Clane voiced aloud. Thereafter, without

a signal all stood and sang the college boys favorite hymn to Our Lady. After that the celebration went on as merrily as though no cloud had crossed the horizon to mar its serenity. Father Clane found himself a target for questions from all sides. At first, he endeavored to answer them all; but, finally surrendered with a smile and once more rose to his feet. "I had hoped the newspaper article would be sufficient explanation," he said, "but find you insist on knowing everything. I shall let the principals speak for themselves. Of course, you all know what happened a little beyond Boston College this afternoon and what a hero the Shrimp showed himself to be. For the rest, all I can say, is that all of us were equally indignant at the slur cast upon him by the sensational article. So I called a certain editor whom I know well, as he is a Western boy who came East to shed his light on the Hub of the Universe. I gave him the story over the phone and he printed it just as read. The Judge can tell his own part in this romance, and so can Mr. Clancy. On one point only did the editor risk anything. The pardon had not yet arrived when his paper was issued. Mr. Clancy brought news of that when he arrived and we have him to thank for it. Now I would ask Judge Mulrean to tell his part in the affair."

During these remarks, Irene had remained seated, her hand nestling in that of the Shrimp. Tears had been brimming from her eyes all evening, but as her father arose she smiled at his evident embarrassment.

"I have nothing to add," said the Judge clearing his throat in his most judicial manner. "Gentlemen of the jury, I mean my dear friends, I am simply overwhelmed with joy and gladness at the outcome of this affair. Father Clane deserves all the credit. I deserve none at all. All I did was, when I read that dastardly article, I was so angry and indignant that I determined on a step that I had been debating for some time. My term as judge of the Court of General Sessions expires the first of next month. I have determined to refuse another term and to enter on the practice of law for myself with mutual friend Shrimp Slade as partner. I dare say his renown will bring more clients than my feeble attainments."

"Three cheers for Judge Mulrean," shouted O'Dara. The cheers were given with a will and the Judge sat down smiling embarrassedly.

"Now let us hear from Mr. Clancy how he obtained the pardon," said Father Clane.

Clancy arose fumbling with his cuffs. "Aw, say," he began, "though I have often given evidence before his honor here, I must admit this case has got my goat and I'm simply tongue-tied. All I got to say is that the bodyguard of the Governor is a pal of mine. I got him on long distance and told him the story. He was strong for the Shrimp and told the tale to his Excellency. Say, our Governor ought to be President. He wrote out a pardon at once and even sent me a telegram, here it is. It says, 'Full pardon granted Daniel Slade. Kindly congratulate him for me.' That's all I got to say. Excepting this, I would never have believed it if I hadn't seen it. Shrimp threw a blackjack and got his man. Honest, I would never have believed it. But I saw it, that's straight goods." Clancy resumed his seat, mopping his perspiring brow, and received cheers mingled with gales of good-natured laughter.

"Finally," said Father Clane, "though we know he is tired and must feel overwhelmed by this demonstration of real affection and loyalty, we would like to have a few words from our hero, Daniel Slade."

Dan rose to his feet but could not speak for five minutes; for so long did the demonstration of wild enthusiasm in his honor last. At last he murmured, "Fellows, I can't say a thing. My heart's too full. I thank you."

Then O'Dare arose, and proposed a toast, "To the Olympic Marathon winner." The assemblage drank the toast enthusiastically. Then the Shrimp raised his hand protestingly.

"Boys, that toast was drunk in vain," said he, "I am not going to compete at Paris." This statement raised an outcry of protest. From all sides of the room men came and urged him to relent. Finally the assemblage sank into disappointed silence.

"Tell them your reasons, Dan," urged Father Clane, "I am sure they will agree with your decision then."

"Just as you say, Father," said Dan rising. "My dear good friends," said he—his voice trembling—while Irene sat with her head buried in her hands, her face suffused with blushes. "In many ways, I feel that, perhaps, I owe it to you to go to Paris. But then I am content with what today has brought. Great as my happiness was at winning the Marathon, it was as nothing to the tokens of real love it won for me from you. But even the joy of all this seems small com-

pared to a greater joy that is in store for me and which has become mine today. You all know by this time that my rise from a career of crime to a real place in life is due to the faith of a woman who believed in me. When all the world was against me, she it was who saved me." He took Irene by the hand and helped her to her feet. Then, standing with his hand affectionately laid on her shoulder, he continued:

"Today, when my name seemed blackened and disgraced forever, and I did not even know it, she came to me. We have been engaged for some time. Friends, I shall not compete in the Olympic games because before those games roll around, I shall have won what I consider life's greatest prize; the life trust of one who has been an inspiration to me. Irene Mulrean and I will be married in June, and Father Clane has consented to perform the ceremony."

Cheers and congratulations greeted this announcement and the coming Olympics were swept into oblivion. Calls for a speech from the bride to be were met only with blushes, until Dan helped her to her feet once more. Blushing prettily, Irene looking affectionately at Daniel, said: "Friends, I have the dearest Daddy in the world, and now he and the best man in the world are going to be partners in business. All three of us are going to be partners in affection. Shrimp is what Dan here has always been called. All I can say is that, although he may have been a Shrimp when he entered St. Matt's, I feel that the man I am marrying is a real whale."

In showing their approval of this sentiment, the entire party vied with one another until the assemblage dispersed long after midnight.

(To Be Continued)

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"Art without the moral sense to play upon is like a pianist whose keyboard is reduced to a single octave."—*Mallock*.

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Three smiles make one grin.

Three grins make one laugh.

Three laughs make one happy.

How is that for a smileage table? You will agree that it is not only accurate, but that it contains much sound philosophy.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## A MAN'S WORTH

Louis Veuillot, the famous French writer of the last century, was a man of the people. His father was a poor traveling cooper, his mother a peasant girl who brought as her marriage dowry only "the treasures of her youth and goodness." Veuillot loved to speak of his humble birth, in spite of which he rose to national prominence.

One day an aristocratic colleague of his made a remark in which Veuillot detected a veiled insolence. He replied:

"I have risen from a cooper's family, monsieur, it is true. From whence do you descend?"

## A BLIND BOY'S ACCOMPLISHMENT

Paul Rieu, born of a poor family in Lozere, from his infancy showed so much piety and intelligence that his parish priest conceived the design of teaching him Latin and thus preparing him for the ecclesiastical state. At eight years of age he would exclaim: "Oh! what happiness if I could but save many souls! How happy priests are in being able to give heaven to others!" But, God, who is admirable in his Saints, saw fit to afflict him sorely. At ten years of age, Paul lost his sight. Shortly after, his father and his mother died, and he found himself perfectly destitute. This was in 1862. From that time until his death, Blind Paul, as he was called, had no other asylum than the town hospital.

"I must then renounce all hopes of being a priest," he said, "but I will not renounce all hopes of saving souls. I will pray, will speak, will beg for their salvation."

The thought of being an apostle, by means of prayer, had taken firm hold of his heart; and what prayers did he not address to the Heart of Jesus for the salvation of souls? Even the words: Apostolate, prayer, Heart of Jesus, Holy Church, Pius IX, made him tremble, and he might be heard repeating over and over to himself:

"What a lovely thing is the Apostolate! Ah! what good can be

done! Yes, yes, by praying one becomes an apostle! How happy I am! Let us pray, let us pray; let us save souls!"

His director has stated that he prayed more than five hundred times a day for the conversion of sinners. It may be said that his life was a continual prayer.

"You are going to give a mission," he said one day to his confessor, "how happy you are! I, a poor blind boy, can only pray; but, I will pray more than ever! My angel does not let me sleep much, so I pass the nights in praying for souls."

"Paul is a saint," said one of the sick people, "he passes all his night in prayer."

On October 30th, 1869, having become very ill, he hastened to ask for the last Sacraments, feeling sure that his end was approaching, and on November 15th he gently expired. In all the streets and houses of the town of Mente, every one was saying: "The saint of the hospital is dead." He was but seventeen years old.

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### OUR PLOW HANDLES

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One of the finest sermons and business talks I have read in many a day comes from Alexander Irvine, who, in his book, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," tells of his own mother and her teachings.

One day she called young Alexander to her and asked, "Ye'll do something for me?"

"Aye, anything in the world."

"Shut yer eyes an' stan' close t' th' table."

"I obeyed. She put into each hand a smooth stick, which James had smoothed to the soles of shoes."

"'Jist for th' now these are the handles of a plow. Keep yer eyes shut tight. Ye' seen a maan plowin' a field?'"

"Aye."

"Think that ye see a long, long field. Ye're plowin' it. The other end is so far away ye can't see it. Ye see a wee bit of the furrow, jist a wee bit. Squeeze the plow handles."

"I squeezed."

"She took the sticks away and gently pushed me on a stool and told me I might open my eyes."

"'That's quare,' I said."

"'Lister, dear, ye've put yer han' t' th' plow; ye must niver, niver

take it away. All through life ye'll haave them plow handles in yer han's an ye'll be goin' down th' furrow. Ye'll crack a stone here and there, th' plow'll stick often an' things'll be out o' gear, but yer in the furrow all the time. Ye'll change horses, ye'll change clothes, ye'll change yourself, but ye'll always be in the furrow, plowin', plowin', plowin'. Ye're God's plowman.'

"'A plowman who skims the surface of th' sod strikes no stones, dear, but it's because he isn't plowin' deep!'"—Thomas Dreier.

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### AN UNINTENDED COMPLIMENT

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Some years ago, while Mr. Goshen was Lord of the Admiralty in England, a discussion arose over the number of chaplaincies assigned to Catholic priests in the navy. The Irish members of Parliament demanded a fair supply of chaplains for the Catholics. They pointed out that proportionately far better provisions were made for the Protestants in the navy service than for the Catholics. But Mr. Goshen was ready with his answer.

"Her Majesty's fleet," he said, "is mostly occupied in going from port to port throughout the world. In comparatively few of these ports can Protestants find adequate spiritual comfort. But," he asked with a bland smile, "can the honorable members from Ireland give me the name of a single port in the world, of any importance, where Catholic sailors cannot find a Catholic priest or a Catholic church to go to?"

Of course, he forgot that the Catholics might like to have a chaplain near when they were on high sea. But it was a beautiful compliment just the same.

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"Every sort of shouting is a transitory thing. It is the grim silence of facts that counts."—*Joseph Conrad.*

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Bishop Schrembs, preaching on the occasion of the third anniversary of his installation as Bishop of Cleveland, said that the most serious problem before the diocese was that of providing schools for fifty per cent of the Catholic children, who are not attending Catholic schools. The number of teachers, which is now 1,400, he said, should be twice as large. He appealed to young women to consider the religious life as a career, and said that there are many young women whose life is largely an aimless career, who could do a wonderful work for the Church, if they entered the Sisterhoods.



# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE DAYS OF PREPARATION

Advent. Here it is again with its purple vestments and solemn mien interfering with our pleasures, scarcely less solemn than Lent. Instinctively we feel as if it ought to mean something to us as it did to the Christian people of all times. The coming of Christ requires earnest preparation.

Surely it ought to give us pause. A little time to reflect is a great need for us. Two seasons a year are not too much. Life is busy with pleasure and work; life is noisy and distracting; life is interesting; but life is serious also and worthy of our thought. If you cannot get to mass these mornings of Advent and gain time for prayerful reflection, at least snatch a few moments from the day. It will pay you.

It ought to make us prepare our hearts for the fuller coming of Our Lord. Empty out the idols that may have been set up there. Deny yourself in some things that there may be more room for Our Lord.

But, most of all, look forward to Him. If you can awaken a real love and longing for Him, the rest will come of itself. Christmas will be a happy day for you.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The Wisconsin State League of Classroom Teachers recently held their convention in Milwaukee. In the closing address, Miss Ada Ward, English lecturer, declared that "family life in America is going straight to the bow-wows.

"I find in this country," she declared, "home is a place where you get ready to go somewhere else. You buy a beautiful home and then you buy a beautiful automobile to take you away from it. If father and mother are at home in the evening, the children are at the movies, and if the children are at home father and mother are out at a dance.

"In England," she said, "the children are taught obedience; while in America the parents are obedient to the whims and wishes of the



children. In no country of the world have I found such obedient parents as over here in the United States."

While making some allowance for English "superiority," we cannot help admitting that here is something—not in a sermon—which gives us matter for serious thought.

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### THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

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The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of giving.

It was begun when the heavenly Father so loved men that He gave His only beloved Son, that He might become a child for our sake and for the sake of our true happiness.

The greatest gift is the gift of love, all others are valuable only in as far as they are manifestations of the heart's true affection.

Books make beautiful and acceptable gifts for Christmas: they are lasting, they are enjoyable, they are friends, they are fountains of moments of delight.

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### YOUR CHOICE

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The list of books for Christmas gifts, if we look at most recent publications, offers a wide choice.

In the line of novels: There is the new edition of that splendid story, "Espirito Santo," by Henrietta Dana Skinner, which has been called one of the best Catholic stories written (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York). "Where Monkeys Swing," by Neil Boyton, S. J., attractive juvenile; "The Awakening of Edith" and "Missy," by Inez Speckling (Benziger Bros.), two worthwhile girls' stories; "Kelly," by Father Martin Scott, a real red-blodded story that cannot help but win its way to everybody's heart; and "The Dearest Girl," by M. A. Taggart.

In the line of the more serious books we have "With the Church," by Mother Loyola (P. J. Kenedy and Sons), a book which is meant for everybody in the family; "God Within Us," by Raoul Plus, S. J. (Kenedy and Sons); "Why Jews Become Catholics," by Rosalie Marie Levy; and "Christ or Chaos," by Martin Scott, S. J. (Benziger); and "Thy Kingdom Come," by J. E. Moffatt, S. J. (Benziger).

Also a whole list of prayer books: "Daily Companion" (Jos. Schaefer), a little booklet that fits into the vest pocket or purse;

"Catholic Manual" (Diederich-Schaefer); "Jesus Teach Me to Pray," by Chas. Hoff, C. Ss. R.; "The Manual of St. Alphonsus" (Mission Press); and "The Missal for Every Day," by F. X. LaSance (Benziger). And especially for religious: "Communion Devotions for Religious," by the Sisters of Notre Dame (Benziger).

For the little ones, we have a beautifully illustrated book, "The Our Father in Word and Picture" (Matre); and "Manna Almanac" (Salvatorian Fathers).

These books will be reviewed in due time in the Liguorian Book Review.

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### SUCCESS

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Success is a word to be conjured with. Promise it and you will have the world at your heels. Few may have a clear idea of what it really means; but, it is something better than what they have. It is, no doubt, just a breaking through of the elemental longing for perfect happiness.

"Success," says Dr. James J. Walsh, "is making the most of one's self."

This is a definition that is tangible and at the same time encouraging. The self you have received is a self worthy of respect, of your due honor and love, and of development.

There is a common starting point for everyone. The roads which lead to the goal are the same for all; training will-power, working with enthusiasm, seeking recreation, banishing fears. Everyone can do that.

It has no bounds. It reaches beyond. Sanctity is within its grasp and heaven.

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### A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

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Jesus is our all in all, the center of our faith and life as He is the center of all the ceremonies of the Church. To be acquainted with Him, to know Him really, is life, the beginning of eternal life on earth. The day on which we begin really to know Him is Christmas day; that day He is born in our hearts.

Monsignor Benson writes: "Let me tell you how I made His acquaintance. I had heard much of Him, but had taken no heed.

"He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him.

"He often seemed to want my friendship, but I remained cold.

"I was homeless and wretched and starving and in peril every hour; and He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety; but I was ungrateful still.

"At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes He besought me saying: 'Come and abide with me.'

"Let me tell you how He treats me now. He supplies all my wants. He gives me more than I dare ask. He anticipates my every need. He begs me to ask for more.

"He never reminds me of my past ingratitude. He never rebukes me for past follies.

"Let me tell you further what I think of Him.

"He is as good as He is great. His love is as ardent as it is true. He is as lavish of His promises as He is faithful in keeping them.

"He is as jealous of my love as He is deserving of it. I am in all things His debtor, and He bids me call Him friend, Jesus Christ."

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#### AN APPRECIATION

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In a review of Anatole France, the lately deceased prominent French writer, who had so often by his godless materialism offended the faith of French Catholics, Mr. Stewart P. Sherman, one of the foremost critics of our country, pays a beautiful tribute to the Church. He writes:

"Sometimes I am convinced—almost convinced—that nothing can finally resist the full seduction of the rising tide of pagan hedonism but the Petrine Rock. The Church of Rome and its champions still stand fast in their ancient faith. And they are pretty nearly the only powers which oppose to the point of view of Anatole France a definite point of view of their own. In France, Christian idealism has long been accustomed to formidable adversaries; its apologies are not, as generally with us, defenseless babes, going down helpless and speechless before the spears and banners of an overwhelmingly superior enemy. They study the invader; see him as Achilles, and find his heel; see him as Goliath, and plant their white pebbles between his eyes. The most searching criticism of Anatole France which has yet appeared, the best informed, the most appreciative and at the same time the most destructive, comes from French Catholic writers, whom English popu-

larizers plunder without acknowledgment, bearing to the English public the honey and leaving the sting of their criticism behind."

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### ANOTHER TRIBUTE

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Another tribute to the Church from the pen of a non-Catholic, is that which Hoffman Nickerson, a writer who has gained prominence, pays in the pages of the *Commonweal*. He says:

"In this article I address those who, like myself, are outside of the Roman Catholic Church. If I could, I would persuade the average decent citizen (irrespective of theological position or lack of one) that in general social action it is not only wise but morally right for him to cooperate with Roman Catholics....

"The Roman Catholic Church is a fact. It is the most numerous and at the same time the most widely distributed of all Christian bodies. We may reject its claims or its manner of stating them; our rejection does not wipe the organization out of existence. And for every one of the maladies of our society, it has a clear and definite remedy to prescribe."

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### PRIVATE SCHOOLS ARE NOT UNAMERICAN

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"Under the title, "Private Schools Not Un-American," The Washington *Post* published, October 11th, the following editorial:

"There will be much vigorous dissent from the sweeping condemnation of private schools as un-American which was made the other day by Professor Dalla Lore Sharp, of Boston University. With his encomium upon the public school system as characteristically American, there can be no quarrel, or with his high estimate of its indispensable value. But he will fail to convince thoughtful minds of any essential incompatibility between the two systems, of public and private schools, or of anything in the latter that is necessarily opposed to the political and social principles of America.

"For the genius of America does not call for standardization in education, in industry or in any respect. In industry we may grant that each worker should be entitled to at least a minimum living wage. But we certainly cannot decree that nobody shall rise above that standard by doing more or better work, and thereby entitling himself to

more pay, or profit. So in education. We may and should provide free instruction for all in the general essentials. But we cannot deny to those who can afford it, and who desire it, the additional and special advantages which are to be had only in private schools; remembering always that those who go to the expense of sending their children to private schools continue at the same time to pay their full share for the support of the public schools from which they derive no direct benefit.

"If Professor Sharp were right he would be condemning the great institution with which he is connected, and himself for teaching in it. Boston University, like the great majority of institutions of higher learning, is a private school. It would be intolerable to charge it, and countless other colleges and universities with being un-American and as tending "to breed antagonism and suspicion." As a matter of fact there is generally more inculcation of patriotic principles in private universities than in those maintained by the state for the reason that they are more independent. State institutions are by no means always entirely exempt from at least the dangers of partisan influence, and for that reason are less inclined to stress the teaching of politics, government and patriotism than institutions which are not dependent upon the favor of the party in power."

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### REGRETS

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One of the last things written by the late Maurice Francis Egan, the celebrated Catholic writer and diplomatist, was:

"Looking back—if I had my life to live over again, I should never worry about anything that might happen—during my long life the things that I worried about never happened, and the things to which I gave no unhappy thought always happened. I should like to say, too, for the benefit of the young, that when one is old, one regrets not the sins one has committed so much as the good deeds he might have performed. As a Christian, I trust that I can leave my sins to Christ, who is more merciful than man; but I can never forgive myself for not having been keener to discover means of helping others."

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I am not half as much interested whether a man has been through college as I am if the college has been through him.

# Our Lady's Page

## Mary, The Mother of Perpetual Help CHURCHING

Everybody loves to recall the joyful events of his life. Such events in the life of a Christian mother are the hour in which her child is born; the hour, too, in which that child was, by Baptism, made an heir of heaven and a child of God; and such is also the day and the hour in which the mother brings her child to church for the first time, to be blessed herself and to offer to God that which He entrusted to her care. And as she stands before the altar of the Most High she may truly call upon Mary, with the beautiful and consoling prayer of the Church: "Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us."

Sorrow and pain have turned into joy. Does not God in His inspired book tell us that such should be the reward for a duty fulfilled? The happy mother rejoices because her sufferings are over. And because she has a heart filled with joy she is thankful, brings her child to the temple of her Lord, there to thank Him for having given it. The priest approaches her and gives into her hand a lighted candle. "Our help is in the Lord; who created heaven and the earth," he prays. Having recited one of the psalms of joy he leads mother and child to the altar, bidding her venerate the Blessed Virgin Mary: "Who hath given thee fruitfulness of offspring." Having reached the altar the priest continues the beautiful prayers of Holy Mother, the Church concluding as follows: "Almighty, Everlasting God, who, through the Delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, hast turned the pains of the faithful at child mirth into joy, look mercifully on this Thy handmaid, who cometh in gladness to Thy holy temple to offer up her thanks, and grant that after this life, through the merits and intercession of this same Blessed Virgin, she may prove worthy to obtain together with her offspring the joys of everlasting happiness. Through Christ our Lord, Amen."

In some places the child is then placed upon the altar of Mary and

both mother and priest pray that God would deign to give Mary a special charge over this child.

Such a ceremony took place in the life of our Lord, when His blessed Mother took Him into the temple after forty days. Remember the scene. The child Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the offering—a pair of turtle-doves, the Prophet Simeon fortelling the Sorrows of Mary. The Christian mother only follows this beautiful example when she brings her child at the churching. And as she follows the external example of this good Mother, how can she help but be animated with the same lofty sentiments that filled the heart of Mary on that memorable occasion? Mary gave thanks for the priceless treasure confided to her care. The Christian mother gives thanks because God has entrusted to her care a soul created by Himself and consecrated to Him in Baptism. The Christian mother realizes that it is only Mary who can help her to be true to this trust, and it must be the Mother of Perpetual Help, because constant watchfulness is necessary. Hence she will repeat time and time again: "Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us." In her days of expectation she called upon Mary for aid and protection. Now she calls upon Mary in order that her mother-joy may be full.

St. Elizabeth, mother of a king, for joy carried her child to the church, barefoot and clad as a pauper. Once there she laid her boy upon the altar and prayed: "Lord Jesus Christ, to Thee and to Thy dear Mother I offer this my child. I offer him to you, for you are a most loving Father; I offer him to your mother for she must help me to bring him up for your honor and glory." And Mary fulfilled the office entrusted to her. She was ever a Mother of Perpetual Help to the pious queen and her child. This is only another example of the ever-loving care Mary has for her clients. So, too, will she reward the Christian mother of our day, if this mother will only consecrate her children to her with the oft-repeated prayer: "Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us."

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#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I thank Thee for the many favors I have received, and I wish to thank you, dear Mother, for hearing my prayer in the private Novena I just made in thy honor to receive the gift of patience."



"I wish to thank the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Joseph for the sale of property for which I have prayed for fifteen years. I promised if this favor was granted I would make an offering of fifty dollars to the shrine and also publication in thanksgiving."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I thank you for making my daughter so much better and I know that you will make her entirely well, as you never have failed to answer my prayers. I will have two High Masses said if she is cured. Again thanking you."

"Thanks, Mother of Perpetual Help, for the cure of my sister that was suffering from nervous trouble some time ago. I prayed for her recovery and offered to have Masses said for the Poor Souls in Purgatory for six months. She got better right away, and is now almost well."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: On the 23rd of May I asked for a special request which gave absolutely no hope, but a trust in your intercession. Asked that it be granted in two months; i. e., the 23rd of July. Promised a High Mass. Never despaired, only prayed more earnestly. My request was granted on the 22nd of July, the day before the specified time. Many thanks for the same to you, Dear Mother, also to St. Anthony, St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart."

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### MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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Mother of Perpetual Help, we pray  
Guard and guide us through the day,  
Let our message of hope and love  
Reach our Saviour's throne above.

Mother of Perpetual Help, we pray  
That we be worthy in every way  
Of blessings from your Son through you  
May be grateful, good and true.

Mother help us all through life to be  
Faithful to our God and thee,  
And when death relieves us of all care  
Help us to heaven your joys to share.

E. R. S.

## Catholic Events

There is no longer doubt that the Herriot Cabinet in France intends very soon to launch an offensive campaign against the religious orders. M. Chautemps, minister of the interior, in a recent speech, declared: "Twenty years ago the Republicans voted laws establishing strict control of the secular state over religious associations. No order could exist without the authorization of parliament. Since the war, favored by the Sacred Union, all the orders which had been dissolved have reformed. I have ordered all prefects to make an administrative survey to prove it. When this proof is produced, all good citizens must admit that the law has not been respected and that it is high time to apply it strictly, unless we want the religious orders to endanger the republic." Of course, they do not think of the perfectly logical process of trying to show that the orders, which helped France so valiantly to win the war, are really dangerous to the Republic.

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His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes of New York, was a guest of the Catholic Actors' Guild at a banquet given October 27th. More than 1,500 stage celebrities, motion picture stars and producers, men and women prominent in the literary world were present.

In the course of his address, Wilton Lackaye, a prominent actor, said: "It is a very small thing for His Eminence to receive this token in the form of our luncheon, because we are only a little group in his great archdiocese; but it is a great thing in our lives to be honored by his presence here." What a tribute to our country and to the democracy of our Church," he also said, "for he was born and reared in humble surroundings, right here in this city, and yet he has risen to be a prince of the Church."

Irvin Cobb, the famous humorist and writer, declared: "The Ku Klux Klan is the greatest bluff that ever masqueraded under the name of American liberty."

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There are some noble souls left, however. In the Department of Aveyron, M. Roques, a former deputy and mayor of Pradinas, received from the prefect a questionnaire relating to the religious establishments in his municipality. With great courage, for he ran the risk of being put out of office, he refused to fill it out.

\* \* \*

Former Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, addressing an audience of 10,000 persons at the meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association in Cleveland, took occasion to pay a compliment to the Catholic idea of religious training for the young. In the course of an address in which he held up the Ku Klux Klan to ridicule, Mr. Marshall said:

"If all the people took as much pains to teach their children the

faith in God which was handed down to them by their forefathers as the Roman Catholics do, the dangers to the Republic would disappear."

\* \* \*

The International Federation of National Catholic Alumnae, that splendid body of representative Catholic women, assembled in convention in Philadelphia, drew up the following resolution:

"Whereas, Parents, by the Creator's will, have both the responsibility for the education of their children, and the corresponding right to determine by whom that education shall be given; and

"Whereas, Schools, colleges and universities founded by private citizens or bodies of citizens and supported by private endowment or voluntary contributions, have existed from the earliest days of civilization in this country; and

"Whereas, These institutions have rendered invaluable service in the field of education and scientific research; be it

"Resolved, That we uphold the right of such private educational institutions to exist and continue their work, and that we take all necessary steps to protect them in the exercise of that right with the full freedom they have hitherto enjoyed."

\* \* \*

Eighteen thousand pamphlets containing programs, bibliographies and suggestions on educational topics were sent to every Catholic school and pastor in the country by the department of education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The purpose was to secure participation in the celebration of American Education Week. The department joined in the observance of this week, November 17th to 23rd, with the American Legion, the National Education Association, and the United States Bureau of Education.

\* \* \*

For the fourth consecutive year, Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., retired, was elected president of the National Council of Catholic Men at the closing session of their convention held in Washington. Admiral Benson was deeply touched by this mark of confidence and esteem and briefly thanked his confreres, saying: "Wherever duty calls, and I feel I can be of service to my fellow-men, be they Catholic or non-Catholic, I shall do what I can."

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Attempts to compel the closing of parochial and private schools (through initiated legislation to force all children to attend public schools) met with a decisive defeat in two states, Michigan and Washington.

The question was voted on in Michigan four years ago; but was defeated worse this time than the last time.

In Washington, the measure was initiated after an initiated law of this type had been declared unconstitutional by the courts of the neighboring state of Oregon. The people of Washington showed what they thought of this contempt of constitutional law by their decided stand at the elections.

\* \* \*

Rt. Rev. M. J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, issued a statement thanking the non-Catholics for their aid in giving the obnoxious meas-

ure an overwhelming defeat. He said: "The smashing defeat of the school amendment aimed at robbing parents of their natural and God-given rights over their children and handing them over as the property and wards of a passing majority in the state, is a signal triumph for those old-time principles, proclaimed in that great charter of liberty, the Declaration of Independence, and enshrined, let us hope, forever in that unparalleled work of statesmanship, the Constitution of the United States. And we gratefully acknowledge that when the battle was raging for liberty of education in Michigan, our non-Catholic fellow citizens from every walk of life took the leadership in defense of sacred rights, as much theirs as ours, and by their influence and votes made possible the victory that was won. In Detroit the work of the newspapers was, without exception, beyond all praise. Their campaign of education to preserve true Americanism, it was, that changed a majority of less than two to one in 1920, to three to one in the recent election.

\* \* \*

Another notable convention was that of the National Council of Catholic Women which met in St. Louis. In her opening address, Miss Agnes Regan, executive secretary, outlined the purpose and work of the organization. She said:

"Not to defend Catholic rights was this organization brought into being; not to go into politics as some of our friends suggest; but that to this loved land of ours the great Church of the Ages would give all that was highest and holiest and best that this great experiment in democracy might live and prosper."

She then briefly reviewed the work of the N. C. C. W. during the last year; the maintaining of a school in Washington to train young women for social service work; the making of a study of girls' welfare; organizing aid in solving the problem of the foreign-born; organizing and maintaining study clubs; and, above all, upholding the ideal of the Christian home.

\* \* \*

The New York Times, commenting upon the defeat of the anti-parochial school bill in Michigan, writes:

"It is absurd to accuse private or parochial schools generally of being un-American. No more democratic spirit is to be found anywhere in America than in many of them. They are a menace to the common good only as they draw away from the public school the financial and moral support it should have, or if they do not maintain the standard prescribed for the public schools. The parent should have freedom to give his children such special tuition and training as he thinks for their best good and their highest development. Moreover private schools give opportunities for useful experimentation. A stronger pro-public school sentiment in America is not only defensible, it is desirable and greatly needed. But a narrow anti-private school attitude is indefensible, undesirable and un-American. It violates the essential rights of the individual and the family." These are our sentiments, also.

## THE Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address)

*What is the proper way for the sponsor to hold the baby at baptism?*

The proper way is to hold the child with the head resting on the right arm of the sponsor.

*What is the proper thing to do, to recite the Confiteor before confession in the confessional or before entering?*

If others are waiting it would be better to recite the Confiteor before entering the confessional; in the confessional begin with the formula: "Bless me, Father for I have sinned. My last confession was one month ago." (Or one week, two weeks, as the case may be.) Then tell your sins.

*What is meant by a privileged altar for the poor souls?*

A privileged altar is one to which the Pope has attached a plenary indulgence to be applied to the soul in Purgatory for whom the mass is said on that altar. Some priests have what is called the personal privilege of the privileged altar; that is, whenever they say mass for a soul in Purgatory on any altar whatsoever, a plenary indulgence is granted for the soul for whom the mass is offered.

This plenary indulgence is sufficient to free the soul from Purgatory, but whether it actually does so depends upon the inscrutable designs of Divine Providence. Hence, though we can hope that the plenary indulgence will free that particular soul, we have no absolute assurance that it will do so; accordingly we should have as many masses said as possible, the fruits of which can be applied to others of our relatives, if the deceased has already passed into heaven.

The gaining of the plenary indulgence of the privileged altar seems to be more certain than the gaining of other plenary indulgences, which we apply to the poor souls; for it does not depend upon our personal dispositions, and besides it is joined to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which in itself is sufficient in many cases to remove the obstacles, which otherwise would

stand in the way of its entire application.

*Is there any prayer to patron saints in rhyme, like "Angel of God, My Guardian, Dear," which can be taught to children as a part of their morning and night prayers?*

"O glorious saint, whose name I bear, In thy prayers, I ask a share; Obtain me grace to do what's right, To keep the faith and win the fight."

The Church, to encourage the giving of suitable names in baptism and also devotion towards patron saints, has enriched this prayer with the following indulgences:

1. One hundred days' indulgence for every recitation with a contrite heart.

2. Plenary indulgence once a month, on any day selected, if the prayer has been said daily during an entire month.

3. Plenary indulgence on the 2nd of October, if the prayer has been said daily, morning and evening for a year.

4. Plenary indulgence at death, under the usual conditions, if the prayer has been frequently recited during life.

*Is President Ebert of Germany a Catholic?*

The only source of information that we have to answer your question is a German theological review (Quartalschrift, 1924, III) which states in a note to an article that President Ebert, before his election, did not practice his religion, but since has become a Catholic again.

*What is the correct expression to use when speaking about a cardinal or to a cardinal, when one does not wish to use title of cardinal so often?*

When speaking to a cardinal, correct usage prescribes that the personal pronoun should not be used, but the expression, "Your Eminence"; when speaking of a cardinal, "His Eminence."

*Have the United States a patronal feast as the Irish have St. Patrick and the Germans, St. Boniface?*

Yes, it is the feast of the Immaculate Conception celebrated on the 8th of December.

## Some Good Books

*Felix Westerwoudt.* Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, New York. Price, 85 cents, postpaid.

Interest in the Catholic foreign missions is awakening among the Catholics of America. Priests and people are beginning to realize that the Church of God is Catholic in the truest sense of the word and hence Catholics dare not allow their cooperation to be confined to the narrow limits of parish, diocese, or even country; but must extend itself to the countless souls in heathen lands to whom the light of faith has as yet not come. This life of Father Westerwoudt will do its share to awaken and increase the missionary spirit of those who read it.

Father Westerwoudt was a Hollander who joined the St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions at Mill Hill, England, and was sent to labor among the natives of the Island of Borneo. A gay, lovable lad, he became a hard-working, mortified, but always happy missionary. He spared no labor or sacrifice when it was a question of the salvation of souls. Nor did he lose heart when his labors failed to bear immediate fruit, but was content to wait God's good time.

*The Lure of the West.* By L. M. Wallace. Published by Joseph H. Meier, 64 W. Randolph Street, Chicago. Price, \$1.75.

A romance that blends the native strength of the Western plains with the refinement of civilized life of Ontario. From the opening chapter, which bears the same title as the book, to closing chapter "Adios," there pass before the reader scenes and events pure and wholesome, yet original and gripping. He rides with Doc Whitworth through the corral gate out upon the dusty road past the tents of old Camp Verde, hears his voice keeping the rhythm of his horse's hoofs, as he hums: "I'll tell you all my troubles on the ole Chisholm trail, ya, youpy, ya." And at the end he hears Doc saying to the thorn-

crowned Saviour: "I didn't know you was a-longing, and a-yearning an' a-searching after Doc."

Doc promised Mart he would "be back to Campe Verde at sundown." And he kept his word. But it was the sundown of a day far in the distant future, and between that first glowing dawn and that last sundown, many a mile did Doc traverse and many a trying hour did he spend. Buy the book and pass some happy hours with old Doc Whitworth.

*God in His World.* By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. Published by the Frederick Pustet Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

Here is an excellent book to give to non-Catholic as well as to Catholic friends. Father Garesché has drawn upon a wealth of observation and study during his recent sojourn in Europe in such a way as to make the scenes and events of Catholic history live in the reader's mind. And he makes no secret of his purpose in writing this book. It is to show that to the seeing eye all things speak of the overruling Providence, Goodness and Wisdom of God.

*Missy.* By Inez Specking. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.25 net.

You will surely find Missy a wise little maid, even when she was only four. But you will not be surprised when you learn that her father was a teacher who expected his own little ones to begin early in life, and that Missy had an older brother who lost no chance of correcting any literary blunders that Missy might make. Not that Missy enjoyed being corrected—on the contrary she usually took it in bad grace—but she would not for the life of her give Boy the opportunity and pleasure of catching her again in the same mistake.

Now I have introduced you to Missy when she was four. It will be well worth your while to cultivate Missy's acquaintance and follow her through her eventful life up to the age of twenty.



# Lucid Intervals

The young hopeful of the family was just entering the age of late nights and notions.

One morning after late hours the night before, the youth announced:

"Paw, I've a notion to raise chickens."

Paw drew his eyebrows together and gruffly commented:

"Better try owls. Their hours would suit you better."

Teacher of hygiene—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?

Little Girl—Because company may walk in at any moment.

"How did Rubinsky make his money so quickly?"

"Why, he established branch junk-shops close to all the important grade-crossings of the country."

A truant officer made a call at the home of a pupil whose absence had extended for over a week.

"Mikey is now past his thirteenth year," said the boy's mother, "an' me and his father think he's after havin' schoolin' enough."

"Schooling enough?" repeated the officer. "Why, I did not finish my education until I was twenty-three."

"Be that so?" said the woman in amazement. Then, reassuringly, after a thoughtful pause: "Well, sor, ye see that boy of ours has b-r-rains."

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang under a foreman who was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right-of-way and all day long he carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Came quitting time. Before he went, he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, you sure you got me down on the payroll."

"Yes," he said, finally, "here you are. Simpson, Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yass, suh, boss," said the negro, "dass right. I thought mebbe you had me down as Samson."

Native—"Be ye tourists?"

Weary Motorist—"No, detourists."

A hotel keeper at an old-fashioned crossroads house in Arkansas had a clerk who suddenly developed kleptomania, systematically stealing from the guests until complaint became general.

The proprietor was at his wits' end, but because of the scarcity of available help and because his clerk was a model one except for this slight failing, he hesitated to part with him. Finally he solved the problem. Over the desk in the office he placed this sign:

"Leave your valuables with the clerk. He'll get them anyhow."

A regimental band was about to be organized at one of the war-time cantonments and, after the first rehearsal, the officer in charge was signing up the candidates.

"Your name?" he asked the trombonist.

"Sam Jones," returned the embryo trombonist.

"Your station?"

"Camp Devens."

"Your rank?"

"I know it," sighed Sam.

Little Joe (as his father's car crawled along painfully): "What do they sell in that garage besides gasoline, Father?"

Big Joe: "'Besides,' my boy? You mean 'instead of,'" was his parent's disgusted reply, as he tried to get more speed out of his car.

She: "I say, dear, where do all those blown-out tires go to in the end?"

He: "I don't know, but if they go where most people consign them, there must be a terrible smell of burning rubber somewhere."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

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